

the wilderness of doctrines,—I
never
found peace. The God, who
belongs
to the multitude, and the God
of the
books are not my own God.
These
never answered my
questions and
never consoled me. But, at
last, I
have found the divine
breathing and
alive in the living world of
men.

Kernankar

Alas, my friend, it is a
fearful
moment when a man's heart
deceives
him. Then blind desire
becomes his
gospel and fancy usurps the
dread
throne of his gods. Is yonder
moon,
lying asleep among soft fleecy
clouds,
the true emblem of everlasting
reality?
The naked day will come to-
morrow,
and the hungry crowd begin
again to
draw the sea of existence with
their
thousand nets And then this
moon-
light night will hardly be
remembered,
but as a thin film of unreality
made of